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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, at 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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THE STANDARD.

THE COPPERHEAD MOB.

The Torch that Lit the Flame—The Copperhead Press.

THE INQUIRIOUS CONSCRIPTION.

From The Daily News, Monday, July 13.

It is sincerely to be hoped that measures will be taken to test the constitutionality of the law which threatens to remove sixty thousand of our citizens from the State of New York, before a single man is permitted to be forced, against his will, individual in the ungodly conflict which is distracting the land. It is said that Gov. Seymour openly expresses his belief that neither the President nor Congress, without the consent of the State authorities, has any right to enforce such an act as is now being carried into effect under the auspices of the War Department, but that he thinks his interference would do more harm than good, and that the question would be settled by the Courts.

The manner in which the draft is being conducted in New York is such an outrage upon all decency and fairness as has no parallel, and can find no apology. No proclamation has been issued upon the subject, and it is only a matter of surmise whether three or six hundred thousand will be raised. If, as is supposed, three hundred thousand are to be added to the Union, additional conscription, the proper quota of Army drawn from this city would be about twelve thousand of our citizens. Instead of this number, however, over twenty-two thousand are being drafted, and, with fifty per cent. extra required for exemptions, thirty-three thousand six hundred! No allowance is made for the militia who are in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the \$300 to be paid by rich and poor alike, instead of purchasing substitutes, is to conscripts, instead of purchasing substitutes, is to conscripts, against the spirit of the law, to some other direction.

The evident aim of those who have the Conscription act in hand, in this State, is to lessen the number of Democratic votes at the next election. The miscreants at the head of the government are bending all their powers, as was revealed in the late speech of Wendell Phillips at Framingham, to securing a perpetration of the crime of conscription for another four years, and their triple method of accomplishing this purpose, is to kill off Democrats, stuff the ballot boxes with bogus soldiers, and deluge recusant districts with negro suffrages. The crafty, guileless, work has never been fairly performed, nor has it been thorough. And now the Government is about to turn the soldiers of a Republic about to be battle for Republican institutions. The very fact that a power exists that can drive them from their homes to the slaughter pen will teach them that they are no longer free agents, but that an earthly will, superior to their own, controls their movements and points out to them the path that they must tread, even although it lead to perdition.

Only a few among the workmen of this city who may be conscripted into the ranks of the Army, will march to the front, to secure the grand conscription of the hour of the soldiers of a Republic about to be battle for Republican institutions. The very fact that a power exists that can drive them from their homes to the slaughter pen will teach them that they are no longer free agents, but that an earthly will, superior to their own, controls their movements and points out to them the path that they must tread, even although it lead to perdition.

Let us not for an instant forget that the war in which we are engaged is not a war of conquest, or of subjugation, or for the extermination of people or of institutions. It is a war to enforce the power of government, to preserve the supremacy of the Constitution in all parts of the Union. The war is not punitive. It is no part of its object to punish traitors. Civil war is not the administration of justice. It is the attempt to assert the powers of the government against insubordination. It is a great error made to administer justice. It is a great error made to administer justice. It is a great error made to administer justice.

It is a melancholy fact that war, sad and terrible as it is, becomes oftentimes the tool of evil-minded men, and the means of accomplishing their ends. The horrors of its continuance are nothing to their view. The blood shed counts as of no value in their measurement. The mourning it causes produces no impression on their sensibilities. Such men lose all consciousness of personal responsibility for the war, and only look to selfish desires to be realized. What right has any man, or any class of men, to use this war for any purpose beyond its original object? It is a great error made to administer justice. It is a great error made to administer justice. It is a great error made to administer justice.

If the workmen of this city are disinclined to be forced into a fight for emancipation, let them clamor so loud for peace that their voices shall be heard by our rulers. It is a strange perversion of the law of self-preservation which would compel the white laborer to leave his family destitute and unprotected, while he goes forth to the front, to the laboring population assemble peacefully in mass meetings, and express their views upon the subject. Let it be no political gathering—no partisan demonstration, but a spontaneous congregation of the working classes to give vent, within legal bounds, but firmly, to the sentiments of their fraternity with regard to this odious war. The conscription brings upon the people a calamity as much as if Gen. Lee's horsemen were rattling down Broadway. If they would avoid conscription, let them speak in opposition to that which has given birth to conscription. Let them protest against the continuance of the war. Let them swell the cry for peace that is already ascending from all parts of the North. Let them give up to its independent determination the representation of support, was fairly forced to its passage through the Constitution and over the restraints and decencies of Senatorial debate. Such were the circumstances which attended its final passage that one might almost have supposed the National Legislature to be an aboriginal conspiracy plotting a vast scheme of military servitude, rather than the council of a great people giving form to its independent determination.

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of England's noblest naval heroes—a measure wholly repugnant to the habits and prejudices of our people was thrust into the statute-book, as one might say, almost by force. It was not only a conscription, but an act of despotism.

The natural consequences followed. Hundreds of thousands of loyal citizens were led to look with distrust and concern upon the passage of the bill. Men who would not hesitate for a moment to risk their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors upon the summons of any legitimate national authority, because disconcerted and dissatisfied with what they regarded (whether justly or unjustly is not now the point) as an unnecessary stretch of governmental control over individual liberty. As time passed on, and no effect was given to the measure, the ill-feeling excited by the original publication of the intentions of the government had begun, however, to subside.

The victories of our arms at Vicksburg and on the Susquehanna revived the martial temper of the whole North and West. Had an appeal been made at once to the populations of these great sections, the masses less vigilant than even to visit it upon the country under circumstances of superfluous and co-operating misery.

This was so obvious that we ought not to be surprised to find that it has never so much as occurred to the mind of Secretary Stanton. The conscription act in his hand, he seemed to have waited for a moment when its application must necessarily seem to the masses less objectionable than it now does. The conscription act in his hand, he seemed to have waited for a moment when its application must necessarily seem to the masses less objectionable than it now does.

The Saturday Review, an English journal conspicuously hostile to the Union, observed a fortnight ago, in its malignancy way, that the "fall of Vicksburg might perhaps embolden the government to venture on enforcing the conscription." The enemies of the country throughout the world will unquestionably thus interpret the coincidence in point of time between events which ought to have made every possible advantage of prosecuting the contest with volunteer troops to the last.

An Administration ordinarily sensible and capable of subordinating party to patriotism would never for a moment have permitted such an act as the act of conscription to be so enforced as to create the impression that the greatest city of the nation—a city which has poured out its blood and its treasure without stint or measure—is to be mulcted in largely more than its due proportion of men. Such an Administration would have taken the greatest pains to explain to the whole people the imperative reasons which demand the formation of a fresh army, and while clearly defining the exact legal proportion of conscripts to be called out, it would have done everything in its power to make the execution of the act less objectionable to the people.

It is not too late for the Administration at least to remedy its errors of omission. It is due to the past sacrifices and to the present temper of the country that no shadow of a doubt should be permitted to rest upon the impartiality of the conscription law imposed upon the people. It is due to the past sacrifices and to the present temper of the country that no shadow of a doubt should be permitted to rest upon the impartiality of the conscription law imposed upon the people.

From The Journal of Commerce, Monday, July 13.

KEEP IT IN MIND.

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From the same.

VISIT TO GEN. McCLELLAN'S RESIDENCE.

In the midst of the excitement, a great concourse proceeded to the residence of Gen. McClellan, in East thirty-first street, to greet him on his arrival. The throng halted opposite the house, where they gave loud and prolonged cheers for "Little Mac," but ascertaining that he was in New Jersey they left, proceeding down Fifth avenue shouting and hurrahing.

From the same.

In the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was an immense crowd all the evening of the upper ten. They were about as decided in their expressions as their poorer neighbors outside, who seemed to think that Gen. McClellan was present, and kept calling for him. The fashionable crowd the Abolitionists, and when the news of an attack on *The Tribune* office came, expressed their great approbation. "It has been a curse to us, and the main cause of our trouble," said one. "That's so," repeated others, and to settle the matter, numerous cock-tails were called for. It might be impertinent to say so, but the *bon ton* seemed somewhat under the weather. They were particularly severe upon the Administration, and very hard upon the "damned Abolitionists."

From the same.

Excuse must be made for the conduct of the crowd by the clearing of the streets. The soldiers had been shot down in cold blood by their sides, while fighting in defence of the same principle. (i.e. Resistance to the draft).

From the same.

Mr. Decker, the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, now appeared to think the destruction had gone far enough, and he therefore mounted a table, or some other similar article of furniture, and began addressing the angry people. He stated that he thought that having destroyed the government buildings, they should not carry their feelings so far as to injure and destroy the property of private people, whose feelings, perhaps, rather more sympathized with them than otherwise.

From the same.

Capt. Rynders and Judge-Advocate-General Waterbury, who were present, hoped that the Mayor would hesitate before taking such a step (defining martial law) which they feared would only result, in the present excited state of public feeling, in still severer conflicts than those already witnessed.

From the same.

The orator (Mr. Andrews) resumed, much in this fashion: Fellow-freemen and fellow-citizens—for we are free men still—you have done well to-day. You have done nobly; but I tell you what I want, and what you must do, if you wish to be really successful. You must organize, boys. (Cries of "That's the talk," "You're the boy, my chicken," etc.) You must organize and keep together, and appoint leaders, and crush this damned Abolition draft into the dust (tremendous cheering). Yes, this is what you must do. If you don't find any one to lead you, by Heaven's I will do it myself (great sensation and applause).

The speaker continued at great length to indulge in similar remarks, and interrupted occasionally by cries of "Who is that fellow?" "What's his name?" etc. Somebody said it was Ben Wood, whereupon Mr. Wood was cheered most vociferously. Another person suggested that the speaker was an Evening Express reporter, an announcement which created not a little sensation, and which seemed to promise no good for the speaker. It transpired afterward, however, that the orator was a Mr. Andrews, of Virginia. (He is said to be one of the editors of *The N. Y. World*.)

From the same.

The draft was the all-absorbing subject. Who were its victims—how many were the chances of escape—how the rich (made so by a war they sought to make perpetual) were exempted on payment of a nominal amount, while the profits on a roll of shoddy or a few explosive muskets would realize—the points which large colloquial groups discussed with much interest.

From the same.

The attack on this establishment (*The Tribune* Office), which seems to have been a part of the programme for the day's proceedings, was stated to have been brought on prematurely, and as a consequence was less effective than was intended.

From the same.

Our reporter, who was upon the ground (Colored Orphan Asylum), describes the conscription of the inmates as passing description, the children fainting with terror and being taken out, many of them perfectly helpless. One is reported as having been trampled to death. The teachers were powerless to help them, being utterly terrified at the approach of the mob, not knowing what might be their fate. Their shrieks and supplications for help, when the axes of the invaders sounded at the doors, were most horrible.

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The *World* having made a show of denying our statement that sympathy with the Slaveholders' rebellion was taken out of many of them perfectly helpless. One is reported as having been trampled to death. The teachers were powerless to help them, being utterly terrified at the approach of the mob, not knowing what might be their fate. Their shrieks and supplications for help, when the axes of the invaders sounded at the doors, were most horrible.

Sir: The *World* has the frontiery to deny plumply that this riot is got up and conducted in the interests of Jeff. Davis and the rebellion; and this morning it attempts to bluff the issue by the following paragraph:

"But he is professionally a seeker after truth, and we beg to recommend to him the practice of ascertaining what these rioters really want. Let him go in person to the first crowd of them he may meet, and set up a good hearty shout for 'Jeff. Davis and Lee,' if after that he returns without having been taken into the ranks, we venture to say, as both a sadder and a wiser man."

I have had occasion to be present among the rioters during several of the most exciting scenes of these disturbances, and I am in the position to meet squarely the proposition of *The World*. I know that there has thus far been no surer passport through these mobs than the expression of sympathy with the rebels and chieftains of the rebellion.

There I saw a man known to me as a rebel sympathizer, hand in glove with the rioters, encouraging them, in consultation with their ringleaders, and welcomed by them wherever he went. There I heard wishes expressed for the success of the rebellion and the destruction of "the niggers." There a man of decent exterior and apparent intelligence exclaimed, as he saw the houses burning: "This is the most glorious sight I have ever seen; this will pay Jeff. Davis for the loss of Vicksburg." On Tuesday evening I heard among the rioters, in the upper part of the Third avenue, cheers for Jeff. Davis; but it was dark, and I could not see the individuals who proposed or who gave them. But early on Wednesday afternoon I was met by a detachment of the 7th Regiment marching up to disperse the mob which was beating and maltreating the negroes near Twenty-seventh street. The rioters vanished from before the detachment but closed in behind it, and began to hoot, and then to stone, and finally to fire upon it. One of these very rioters who made this attack, when the detachment had moved about a square off, called out, "Three cheers for Jeff. Davis." The cheers were given, and numerous, though not very loudly—for the bayonets were too near. I stood not ten feet from the man who proposed the cheers, and face to face with him. In ten minutes afterward I saw the crowd which he then led stoning the 7th men.

Merely to deprive *The World*, and the rebel sympathizers for whom and to whom it speaks, of the benefit of an objection, which it may make, the evidence is to be taken with allowance as that of an Abolitionist or Radical, I say that I am one of those who have constantly opposed the war since it began, and I will pay Jeff. Davis for the loss of Vicksburg. On Tuesday evening I heard among the rioters, in the upper part of the Third avenue, cheers for Jeff. Davis; but it was dark, and I could not see the individuals who proposed or who gave them. But early on Wednesday afternoon I was met by a detachment of the 7th Regiment marching up to disperse the mob which was beating and maltreating the negroes near Twenty-seventh street. The rioters vanished from before the detachment but closed in behind it, and began to hoot, and then to stone, and finally to fire upon it. One of these very rioters who made this attack, when the detachment had moved about a square off, called out, "Three cheers for Jeff. Davis." The cheers were given, and numerous, though not very loudly—for the bayonets were too near. I stood not ten feet from the man who proposed the cheers, and face to face with him. In ten minutes afterward I saw the crowd which he then led stoning the 7th men.

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The Vengeance of the Mob against the Negroes.

From The Herald of Wednesday, 16th.

The negroes of this city are certainly in a very unfortunate condition—that is, those who are left behind. Since Monday night large numbers have departed for more congenial residences. Hundreds have gone to Brooklyn, and many more to New Jersey, while all trains and steamboats leading to the interior have been almost overrun with the flying blacks. A perfect reign of terror exists in the quarters of these helpless people, and if the trouble which now agitates our city continue during the week it is believed that not a single negro will remain within metropolitan limits.

It is said to see the fear with which the negroes left go upon the street in order to procure the bare necessities of life. One of our reporters, yesterday, while walking through Sullivan street—a great negro quarter—noticed this particularly. Now and then a woman would steal carefully through an alley, and glancing up and down the street before venturing in full view, would run at full speed to the neighboring grocery. Some of the storekeepers said that they were nearly all closed early yesterday morning. Two of them, corner of Roosevelt and Batavia streets, were kept by a black named Beverly. The crowd, once determined upon their destruction, soon gathered in large numbers about the neighborhood. A few of them finally entered and beat a colored man who was found there. The rest, a dozen in all, had expected the coming storm and fled. In a few moments everything of value in the house was destroyed, and the building was fired. It soon burned to the ground. A German kept a store next door, but as it was frequented by colored people, it met the same fate, much to the anguish of its Teuton owner. The crowd distributed the contents as victors do the spoils.

In Roosevelt street, near by, was a negro barber shop, and the crowd, now assembled to several thousands, scattered its contents about the street, and then applied the torch. It was not long before the shaving saloon had disappeared. It is unnecessary to say that the owners made no attempt to save their property. The "Liverpool Lodging House," in Roosevelt street, a place well known to the police, who have but a poor opinion of its character, was next attacked, and burned. This establishment was the resort of all kinds and colors. Dancing, singing, drinking, etc., were the chief items of the programme. Yesterday the debris was removed, and such portions as could be used by the police.

In Vandewater street, a negro boarding house, kept by a man named Lyons, who, though black, is a strong Democrat, was pulled to pieces, and is now doubtless, being used as fire wood by many of the residents of the Fourth Ward.

Later on Monday night a colored man, John Brown by name, was attacked at No. 14 Roosevelt street, and severely injured. He was not long before he was taken to the City Hospital, and is now recovering. He was not long before he was taken to the City Hospital, and is now recovering.

Last night a negro was caught in Oliver street. An infuriated crowd began to beat him. He struck out in self-defence, and getting clear ran away. The throng followed him to the pier foot of Oliver street, and there he was taken to the City Hospital, and is now recovering. He was not long before he was taken to the City Hospital, and is now recovering.

An old negro woman, nearly seventy years of age, was attacked in the Sixth Ward and badly beaten. She was taken to the City Hospital, and will probably survive. Here it is proper to add that this is the only case of real violence reported in the "bloody Sixth." Negroes have been chased and stoned, but have managed to escape without injury. No buildings have been destroyed, but the blacks are now all gone, and there is no cause for disturbance left. Capt. Jourdan is entitled to credit for the successful manner in which he has maintained the peace in his precinct.

In the Seventh Ward there have been some popular demonstrations against the negroes. Yesterday two or three frame buildings, inhabited by colored people, in Monroe street, near Market, were torn down. All the men at work in foundries, shops, and on the streets stopped work and joined in with the crowd, forming a dense mass, apparently all united by a thoroughly sympathetic feeling. As a late hour there had been no other demonstrations. There were signs of a disturbance, however, in the neighborhood of Jackson street.

In the Fifth precinct, where a large number of negroes live, many of them have been severely beaten. One of them, a very sick man, was brought to the station house last night, the crowd having turned him out of bed and severely maltreated him. A few days since there were several hundred negroes in this precinct, but the streets, at least, now show no evidence of their existence.

This is also the case in the Eighth precinct. The "Arch," a famous negro locality, yet contains a large number of people, but as fast as they could escape, they did so. The "Arch" is quite obnoxious to the throng.

The Twenty-eighth precinct, in Greenwich street, has also been the scene of much disorder. It was in this that the negro was hung on Monday night. Yesterday morning a black man, named John Williams, was pursued by the crowd and knocked down by the sidewalk. When in an insensible condition he was beaten so severely that he cannot possibly survive. He now lies in an extremely critical condition at the City Hospital.

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cure the necessities of life, have been stoned, but none have been killed.

The Fifth ward, reported quiet in yesterday's paper, has since that time been in a state of terrible excitement. The prominent negro locality has been almost demolished, and upwards of two hundred blacks thrown homeless upon the streets. This was in York street, a small thoroughfare running a block from West Broadway, near Canal street. The crowd appeared on Wednesday evening with carts, and driving the negroes into their yards commenced to remove all the furniture which seemed of value. Several pianos were stolen sofas, chairs and tables were appropriated. No police appeared, as they had nearly all been detailed for duty at the central office, a few only staying behind, in order to protect the station house. It is estimated that several thousand dollars worth of property was thus stolen. Of course the negroes offered no resistance. They stood passively by, begging the people not to harm them, as they were helpless. The leaders said that if they kept quiet all would be right. One of them, however, if not killed, it being said that he was on his way to the police headquarters to get aid. This was the rumor, probably, that led to the subsequent scenes. About midnight several persons assembled on the corner of York street and West Broadway, and commenced to denounce the negroes in bitter terms. A large crowd now assembled, and it was not long before the attack commenced. Bricks, stones, and every convenient missile were thrown at the windows. Several thousands had now gathered, and the excitement became intense. Excited orators made speeches denouncing the draft and the negroes, and urging the people to stand firm in the defence of their rights. One who counselled peace was driven from the ground. Only the most extreme opinions could be uttered with safety. It was not long before the attack became general. The doors of the houses were broken in, and the negroes were badly beaten. A boy is said to have been killed by a brickbat thrown through a window. An old man named Peter Ritchie had his head split open. He was taken away, and has not since been heard from. The blacks made no resistance, but begged for mercy. Some of the leaders, therefore, ordered the crowd merely to sack the buildings and leave the people alone. Thereafter, it is reported, no one was injured. A house, except by one or two negroes from other sections of the city, who were not long before they were driven out. In more congenial localities. After the trouble a squadron of cavalry appeared, and remained during the rest of the night. The whole of York street, excepting one building occupied by Italians, is, as nearly as anything but fire can accomplish, destroyed. To-day the blacks returned to their homes, for the purpose of gathering up what was left of their property. One negro, named Peter Ritchie, who was badly beaten, was taken to the City Hospital, and is now recovering. He was not long before he was taken to the City Hospital, and is now recovering.

The Eastern and other boats of last evening and this morning were crowded with them, the wanderers believing that for a time, they will be safe down among the Yankees, or in the interior of this State. Many of them were without money and begged their passage, while others were apparently well supplied with the necessary funds, and in some cases, helped their brethren on the way.

In several parts of the city, police notified ladies living in boarding houses near negro quarters to leave, as it was dangerous for them to remain. In one house of questionable repute, on Houston street, several people entered under pretence of seeking a negro, and tore everything of value to pieces. The females sought escape in flight, but the crowd did not attempt any personal injury. From a number of houses across the street, the negroes were seen to be established. These places near the police headquarters, alone seem to be safe.

There was another demonstration in the Fourth Ward on account of the negroes. Some of them, who had been hidden, came out, and entered a house in Roosevelt street which is frequented by people of all colors, colors and conditions (in low life). The crowd heard of it, and it was not long before several hundred were busy at work in demolishing the structure. The building, being used as firewood by the people of the Fourth.

The Chinese were also attacked, a man in New Bowerly having persuaded the crowd that they were but a "modification" of the negro. Some one disputed this theory, and quite a family quarrel occurred at once. Several blows were struck, the anti-Chinese man in general taking the worst of it. Afterwards there was a gathering at the corner of "Amoy" and "Chinatown" street, where a large number of negroes, who were said to be a "modification" of the negro, had thrown themselves upon the police for protection. The representatives of this race in New York are a peculiar people. They seem to have a thorough dislike to white men, but a very great regard for white women. Most of them are married to females who care only for a husband, and are not particular about his nationality or appearance. The wives, however, are the only ones who are obedient to their orders, as that of a "He is a harmless creature anyhow, and only the idea that he is a 'modification' of the negro," as the orator expressed it, brought down the blow upon his head in the Fourth Ward. In a few days they will be about as usual.

It is reported by the police that yesterday a crowd of boys entered a negro dwelling on the Second avenue, and finding only a negro child there, they set out on the wing, and to the sidewalk, a distance of a block or so. This act was severely denounced by all classes, and the boys who did it were beaten by several who had entered the building with them. The child was killed and the body taken back to the house.

In the Twenty-eighth precinct, where the first hanging of a negro took place, several were beaten, but allowed to escape with a few bruises. The trouble in this section of the city has arisen from the absence of a police force. All the men, nearly, having been sent to the central office or the City Hall, much indignation is manifested by citizens in consequence. Some of them complain that three or four hundred police are used down town, near newspaper offices, when a much less number would do.

The Eighteenth Ward crowd proceeded with their work yesterday. It appears that in Twenty-eighth precinct, where the first hanging took place, several were beaten, but allowed to escape with a few bruises. The trouble in this section of the city has arisen from the absence of a police force. All the men, nearly, having been sent to the central office or the City Hall, much indignation is manifested by citizens in consequence. Some of them complain that three or four hundred police are used down town, near newspaper offices, when a much less number would do.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY
SPEECH.

If, sir, I had adopted what are called peace principles, I might lament the circumstances of this case; but all you who believe, as I do, in the right and duty of magistrates to execute the laws, join with me and brand as base hypocrisy the conduct of those who assemble year after year on the 4th of July, to fight over the battles of the Revolution, and yet "damm with faint praise," or load with obliquy, the memory of this man, because he shed his blood in defence of life, liberty, property, and the freedom of the press!

THE HARD LOT OF THE SLAVES.

these women had large families, and *all* of them lost half their children, and several of them had more. How I do ponder upon the strange fate which has brought me here, from so far away, from roundings so curiously different—how my own place in that blessed England of my birth would have felt if they could suddenly have a vision of me sit here, and how sorry some of them would be me!

* * * * *

I have had an uninterrupted stream of work and children flowing in the whole morning.

—Christian Inquirer.

port of such institutions. Miss Bremer mentions several going to Jerusalem to take charge of a

LETTER OF THE KING OF SIAM

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

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: SEAL :
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To the Editor of The London Dial.

LETTER FROM MR. WILLIAM CRAFT.

At Badagry, I had the honor of spending a night of the night of the horse of Thomas Pickle, the Acting Consul-General, who has been on the coast for many years, and can speak four native languages; and as the people under him, and he them, they appear to get on well together.

"On the 18th morning, I left Badagry in a canoe, and arrived at Porto Novo in the evening. There I stopped at Capt. Davis's trading establishment, having been invited by him to do so. On the morning the King was informed of my being in town, and of my desire to see him. So on the 20th he sent his stick attendants to conduct me to the palace, which is a large building, with a courtyard in front, and a court-yard inside. There is an elevated place adjoining the walls for the King, two or three hundred wives to promenade; and strange to say, that sometimes these 'better halves' are in silks and velvets, sitting around the King, again dressed in cotton-cloth and trading in the market-place. No native is allowed to wear a turban. All his Majesty's beauties go barefoot on all occasions.

"The King of Porto Novo is a tall man, of a forty-five years old; he is quite black, and of good-looking. I saw him in a large verandah, attended by a hundred company of wives and attendants. He understood English, and he treated him with great cruelty and injustice in his town and killing a great number of people without provocation; and, for fear of a repetition of this cruelty, he said that he had slain

him."

IMPERISHABLE.

The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

PICTURES OF SLAVERY.

I HAVE been long promising your old House

In the afternoon I made my first visit to the

adapted to the purpose that there was not a single pane of glass in them. My eyes, unaccustomed to the turbid atmosphere, smarted and stung, and I was obliged to blink at the different forms, from which cries and groans issued in every corner of the place. By degrees I was able to endure for a few minutes what the condemned to live their hours and days of affliction and sickness through; and, having given thanks for kind words and promises of help in more substantial forms could convey, I went on to a room seemed a yet more wretched abode of wretchedness. This was a room where there was no fire, because there was no chimney, and where the holes made in the windows had no panes or glasses in them. The shutters being closed, the place was so dark that I was shivering if I was afraid to stir lest I should offend some of the deplorable creatures extended on the floor. As I was thus passing through the gloom, "Oh, missis!" rang round the darkness; and I really seemed to me as if I was never to exhaust pity, and amazement, and disgust which the spectacle of suffering humanity was to excite in me. The poor dying supplicating sleepers praised themselves as I cautiously advanced among them; who could not rear their bodies from the earth upon piteous, beseeching hands, and as I passed one to the other I felt more than one imploring I laid upon my breast, to solicit my attention to a new form of misery. One poor woman, called to me by the name of Ursula, was lying on her

HANCOCK'S HOUSE AND HANCOCK'S W

In the pervasion of eloquence for the entertainment of the people, well does it give precedence, and the finest reasoning voices remain in the distance, the playthings of its periods. Older than the Constitution itself, of which alone many speak, let it never become obsolete! Let its inspired sentences be read in every city and village with every Fourth of July, or that is pronounced—for hardly by any oration is their glory be matched. To reinstate its *truth* as common respect and practice let us courageously contend! In its multiplying martyrs the country, the country of death become too good to live as under universal suffrage. But, if our nations in the Western hemisphere must exist, let slavery be the dividing line. That would be victory and ruin. Before the division let it cease! The shock of battle and slaughter of hosts let it fall, die!

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